THE
Theatrical Observer:
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2349. *Tuesday, June* 23, 1829. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

THE Tragedy of *Hamlet* was acted at this house last night, with C. Kemble in the character of the princely Dane. The *Hamlet* of C. Kemble, has been long considered one of his happiest tragic efforts, and we never saw him take more pains with the part, than he did last night. He was eminently successful in the scene with the Ghost; the closet scene, too, was powerful and effective, and nothing could be finer than when, through the medium of the play, he tries the conscience of the King. He was well supported by Miss Lacy, as the *Queen*; and Miss Jarman played *Ophelia*, with great discrimination. *The Devil's Elixir* was the afterpiece. There is an excellent Bill of Fare provided at this Theatre to-night, for the Benefit of Messrs. Isaacs, Blanchard, and Mears.

Haymarket Theatre.

THE *Beggar's Opera* was performed here last night, and in a manner by no means calculated to raise the reputation of the vocalists of this establishment. Mrs. Corri is a very fine woman, but a very unfit representative of the gentle *Polly*: her voice is, in itself, far from being melodious, and is extremely apt to stray out of tune; and tho' Mrs. Corri has sometimes skill enough to cover this defect in difficult music, by the introduction of a flourish, she could not well do this in the simple melodies of *Polly*. Her duet with *Lucy*, 'Why how now, Madame Flirt,' and the air, 'Cease your funning,' were her best efforts: the latter was encored; and she succeeded in obtaining a good deal of applause. Mr. Western's *Macheath*, was respectable; he sang with taste, and was encored in 'How happy could I be with either.'—Mrs. Humby made a clever *Lucy*. Mr. W. Farren's *Peachum*, was very excellent: his acting in the scene where his wife faints, and his exit after the quarrel with *Lockit*, were quite original, and highly characteristic. Williams's *Lockit* was good: he acted up to Farren, in the quarrel-scene, with great ability. Mr. Webster's *Filch*, was true slang.

After *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*, which followed the Opera, *The Heir at Law* was extremely well acted. *Doctor Pangloss* was represented by Webster, for the first time, with a spirit and life which would bear a comparison with the most eminent performers in the part; he was greatly applauded throughout: this is a very clever actor, and as he is likely to have opportunities at this Theatre of displaying his talent, we have no doubt he will become very popular.—The house was very well attended.

SURREY.—*Black Eyed Susan, The Vampire,* and *Paul and Virginia,* drew a very good house. To-night, *The Reprobate* will be revived, in which T. P. Cooke will sustain five different characters.

The report of the death of Mr. Kean, at his castle, at Bute, is untrue. Mrs. Kean received a letter from her son, on Friday, who is now performing at the Dublin Theatre, which stated that his father's health had improved.

Provincial Theatricals are at a very low ebb; Miss Paton performed in *The Siege of Belgrade,* on Tuesday last, at Norwich, to a £16 house; and Miss Foote during her late engagements, at Bath, played more than once to £5 houses.

Madame Caradori Allen has been playing *Polly,* in *The Beggar's Opera,* in Edinburgh; and the critics of the modern Athens speak in very high terms of her performance.

The *mysterious Benefit* night, at Covent Garden, yesterday week, when the Sontag's sang a German Scena, was for the advantage of a *worthy Knight,* who receives £1000 per annum, for directing the musical department of that establishment.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, I address you from the Cigar Divan, King-street, Covent Garden, having just popt in to luxuriate on a capital cup of Coffee, and a true Havannah—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

On Monday, must take another peep at the two new views, at the DIORAMA, Regent's Park—was puzzled to decide which was the most beautiful, St. Peter's or the Village of Thiers—both exquisitely painted—the pictorial illusion complete—the water flowing, smoke ascending, sun shining—quite nature itself.—Had difficulty to persuade a fair lady next me, that we were really viewing merely pictures. Shall put off my journey to Italy, as I'm told, *sub rosa,* we shall have other views from that classic soil; and if as good as St. Peter's will satisfy me.

On Tuesday, I drop into the Exhibition of Sculpture, in Old Bond Street, to view the figures, life size, of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny—work of a self-taught artist, James Thom—delighted beyond measure—fully expected to hear Tam's uproarious laugh—the expression so perfect; *pose* of figures admirable. Whoever has read Burns, (and who has not?) must see them.

On Wednesday, I step into the Horse Bazaar, Baker Street—inspect the magnificent Exhibition of Musical and Mechanical Automa—Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Rope Dancer, Magician, Walking Figure, a magnificent Vase, made by order of Napoleon, Birds, &c. In the afternoon, I qualify Mrs. P.'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 and 4 o'clock, at *The Apollonicon;* in St. Martin's Lane.

On Thursday, I drop into Covent Garden Theatre to see *The Invincibles,* with *The Sublime and Beautiful*—always put me in a good humour—I am never tired of hearing Wood's 'Fairest Flower,' and Miss Hughes's 'Hunter's Signal Horn'—beautifully sung—nightly encored.

On Friday, I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in Regent street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Workshop. Afterwards, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

Now having given you my week's perambulations, I'll kill an hour over one or two of eight Morning and Evening Papers at this aforesaid Divan, King Street—skim the Magazines, take a peep at a Chess match going on, whiff another Cigar, and then for the play—"the play's the thing"—but I intrude—beg pardon.

Your's, PAUL PRY

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Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

Mess. Isaacs, Blanchard, & Mears.

This Evening, the Opera of The

Castle of Andalusia.

Don Alphonso, Miss FORDE, with '*The Minstrel Boy.*'
Don Scipio, Mr BLANCHARD, Don Cæsar, Mr J. ISAACS,
Don Fernando, Mr WOOD, Don Juan, Mr EVANS,
Pedrillo, (first time) Mr GREEN, Sanguino, Mr O. SMITH,
Spado, Mr KEELEY, Philippo, Miss H. CAWSE,
Calvette, Mr FULLER, Rapino, Mr ATKINS, Vasquez, Mr HOLL.
Victoria, Miss BYFELD, Catalina, Miss GOWARD,
Lorenza, (first time) Miss HUGHES, Isabella, Mrs WESTON.

After the Opera, the Fifth Act of

RICHARD THE THIRD.

King Richard, by Master PHILLIPS.

In the course of the Evening, the following Songs, &c.

Love's soft illusion, Miss HUGHES
Heart beating, Miss HUGHES
All among the leaves, Mr KEELEY
Time, time, time, Mr WOOD
MS. Song, The Land which no mortal may know, Mr WOOD
MS. Ballad, Mr WOOD
My fair one, Miss CAWSE
A Master I have, Mr GREEN
O cease to persuade Miss BYFELD
When the glen is all still Mr MEARS
When I think of the wrongs he has done me, Mr RANSFORD
Favorite Song, Miss BYFELD
When thy bosom, Miss COVENEY and Miss MATLEY, (first app.)
Flow thou regal stream, Mr J. ISAACS
The Wolf, Mr J. ISAACS
On by the Spur, Mr J. ISAACS
Duet, Mr WOOD and Miss BYFELD
Beautiful Biddy of Sligo, Mr MORGAN
Live and be jolly, Mr J. ISAACS
The Banners of Blue, Miss MATLEY
The King, God bless him, Mr ISAACS
You gave your word to marry, Miss CAWSE and MEARS
Mark, mark' no one can espy, Miss GOWARD and Mr KEELEY
Glee—O Nanny.
Song and Chorus—If the old Gentleman's found him out
My own Blue Bell, Miss COVENEY
Pick him up, he's tumbled from the boat, Miss H. CAWSE & Miss PERRY
Farewell thou faithless, Miss GOWARD
My name d'ye see, Mr TURNOUR
Where are you going my pretty lass, Mr KEELEY and Miss VIALS
'Twas you Sir, Messrs. Mears, Norris, S. Tett, May, Miller, Fuller, &c.
Good people, Miss CAWSE
Giovinette che fatte l'Amore, Mrs BROWN and Mr PURDAY
Amelia, Belinda, Mr KEELEY
Don Giovanni very bad boy, Mr O. SMITH and Mr KEELEY
Will you come, Miss GOWARD
I see him, Mr KEELEY and Chorus

To conclude with a Burletta Spectacular Extravaganza, called

Don Giovanni;

Or, A SPECTRE on HORSEBACK.

Don Giovanni, Miss GOWARD, Don Octavio, Mr MEARS,
Don Guzman, and Ghost of Himself, Mr O. SMITH,
Leporello.....Mr KEELEY, Bridegroom.....Mr PURDAY.
Donna Anna, Miss CAWSE, Lobsteretta, Miss H. CAWSE,
Shrimperina, Miss Perry, Bride, Mrs Brown, Bridesmaid, Miss Vials.
The MARBLE HORSE by a REAL PONEY, (except in 2nd Act)

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, a Drama, (in Two Acts,) called

The Two Friends.

Ambrose, Mr W. FARREN,
Valentine....(first time)....Mr WEBSTER,
Herbert, Mr COOPER.
Elinor.....Miss F. H. KELLY,
Rose, Mrs HUMBY.

After which, the Comic Piece in One Act, called

LODGINGS
For Single Gentlemen.

Captain Postlethwaite, Mr VINING,
Colonel Stanmore, Mr BRINDAL, Trusty, Mr WEBSTER,
Mrs Greville, Miss F. H. KELLY,
Maria, Mrs ASHTON, (*from the Theatre Royal, Bath*)
Mrs Prattle, Mrs GLOVER.

To conclude with the Comedy of The

Clandestine Marriage.

Lord Ogleby, Mr W. FARREN,
Lovewell, Mr COOPER, Sterling, Mr WILLIAMS,
Sir John Melville, Mr J. F. WILLIAMSON,
Brush, Mr VINING, Serj. Flower, Mr W. JOHNSON,
Canton, Mr ANDREWS, Truman, Mr COOKE,
Traverse, Mr COVENEY, Servant, Mr COATES.
Mrs Heidelberg, Mrs GLOVER,
Miss Sterling.....Mrs W. CLIFFORD,
Fanny, Miss F. H. KELLY,
Betty, Mrs TAYLEURE, Trusty, Mrs W. JOHNSON
Chambermaid, Mrs COVENEY.

To-morrow, The Way to Keep Him, Lodgings for Single Gentlemen, and Love Laughs at Locksmiths.